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I love to roam in the pathless wood,
 When the red leaf swims on the autumn flood ;
 When the forest wind hath a wailing tone,
 And the blossoms of summer lie sear'd and strown :
 Each bird that pines on the leafless spray,
 Seems telling of joy which hath pass'd away ;—
 Each leaf that floats on the troubled stream,
 Whispers of peace which hath fled like a dream.

I love to sit by the smiling light
 Of a social hearth, on the wintry night,
 When the icedrop hangs on the frozen bough,
 And the snow lies deep on the mountain's brow :
 Oh ! who would not turn, in that fearful hour,
 When the storm is abroad in its lawless power,
 From the driving sleet, and the fitful din,
 To the glances of friendship which brighten within ?

But thou art more welcome, and dearer to me,
 Than the flowery turf of the vernal lea ;
 Thy smile to my soul is more soothing and sweet,
 Than the west when the sun and the waters meet :
 Thy voice to mine ear is more musical,
 Than the breeze of the wood in its dying fall ;
 And thy truth, like a shelter to save and to shield,
 When the might of the tempest is loos'd on the field.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

Nov. 23d.—Hastened to Westminster-Hall to see Lord Brougham on the woolsack, having heard him deliver rather a weak argument the preceding Saturday on the "*Lex Domicilii*," in the Exchequer—the last he ever delivered. We thought of Lord Bacon's taking his seat upon the Chancery-bench, attended by a splendid train of nobles and congratulating friends: there was this difference between the two cases, Bacon filled minor offices, and was solicitor-general before he was created lord chancellor—whereas Brougham, from being a practising barrister, was lifted at once to the highest judicial situation in England. We were disappointed, for the court was closed; so we turned in to the vice-chancellor's court, to take a peep at the new law-officers. Mr. Horne, the solicitor-general, is an intelligent-looking man, and much liked by the bar—especially by the juniors, for his courtesy and kindness; he makes wry faces, which, it will be admitted, is an unpleasant habit, and is inconceivably prolix, which is another unpleasant habit. Shadwell, the vice-chancellor, is the most fidgetty man we ever beheld: he looks as though he were sitting on spikes. Paid a visit to the king's-bench—saw a little black man with twenty horrid volumes before him; heard him cite one hundred cases; discovered he was a conveyancer come to *argue* the construction of a devise: we prepared for flight. Our attention was arrested on perceiving the most singular pedant in existence preparing to reply, writing notes in hieroglyphics. We had long been anxious to hear "*Preston on Estates*," so we remained; and he, poising his spectacles on the thinnest and sharpest nose in the world, began his dry argument thus:—"My Lord, it is now 44-6-8 years since I entered the profession, and thirty years since I argued the case which introduced me to the notice of Mr. Justice Bayley—an event which I shall ever cherish in my fondest recollections." We thought this would have been considered absurd in Dublin. He next modestly observed—"He knew more upon the subject than any man in the profession." And then quoted his own books with infinite pomp; worked himself into a phrenzy of delight about tenants

in common, joint tenants, contingent and cross remainders ; and then concluded with this burst of eloquence—"If your lordships decide as my friend wishes, Doe and Jesson is a stumbling-block in your way ; but if you decide according to Pitt and Jackson, you place us between two fires." When he sat down, Lord Tenterden asked, "What books were those you cited, Mr. Preston?" "My books, my Lord—but I did not mean them for authorities." "Well," rejoined his lordship, "we have not your books in our library ; but I think I may speak for the bar as well as for the bench, so we will feel obliged by your sending us copies of all your works." A general laugh ensued, and Preston was fairly entrapped into acquiescence. A barrister told us a good story of this insufferable pedant, that when he was brought down specially on the western circuit, he got merry after a dinner given to him by the bar, and opened his mind in the following poetic exclamation—"Pigot on Recoveries has been the polar star of my existence." Mr. Pollock was called upon to move—he was reputed to be engaged in the Lords. The hint was sufficient, and off we hurried to the House of Lords ; found the bar crowded with lawyers and ladies, and in the perspective we beheld Brougham, who presented an extraordinary spectacle—he was sitting erect and perpendicular, and remained, for the half-hour we continued gazing on him, perfectly motionless, neither stirring a muscle of his face, or speaking a word ; he appeared mindful of Bacon's advice to the judge, to listen patiently, and speak but seldom ; his countenance was calm, and his deportment composed, as if he had been on the woollack for twenty years. We should in justice add, that Brougham's conduct with respect to the patronage of his office, has been of the noblest kind. We happen to know of one gentleman, who had a large family, and an income of £1500 a-year from a situation held at the will of the chancellor—he had been appointed by Lord Lyndhurst, and expected, as a matter of course, to be turned out by his successor—to his astonishment, and the delight of his family, he was continued by Lord Brougham, although he had never before seen this gentleman in his life. How will Lord Plunkett act? He has sons, &c. &c. Time must tell.

December 6th.—Heard that the proprietors of the *Morning Herald* had made overtures to Dr. Gifford of the *Standard*, anxious to procure his services. If this gentleman leaves the *Standard*, at present the best written paper in London, it will sink into obscurity. Magin, the co-editor, has slang enough—but not the solid sense of Doctor Gifford. The Doctor, however, clever though he be, sometimes proposes reforms not quite consistent with reason ; as, for example, he recommends the abolition of the Irish chancellorship altogether. "Let the Irish suitor," he says, "come to Westminster for equity;" this appears particularly monstrous, when, in the same breath, he praises the establishment of county courts, in order to bring justice home to every man's door.

The debates on Lord Plunkett's elevation have directed the public mind to the consideration of the absurdities of connecting judicial with political duties ; in nothing is it more apparent than in this, that Lord Brougham is *virtute officia* governor of King's College, at the same time that he is patron of a rival institution.

Lord Wynford's ridiculous proposal of abolishing all special pleading, and reducing the system to the delightful simplicity of barbarous times, creates much merriment in the legal world.

We can never sufficiently admire the zeal of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge : the members of the committee are indefatigable. We were anxious to know whether the chairman would continue to act as such, since his elevation to the woollack. We luckily met with a learned professor and member of the committee, the night after their last meeting ; he said they had been some time at dinner, and Brougham's chair was still empty ; a bustle was caused upon the entrance of Denman. At last, he said, upon lifting his eyes, to his surprise he beheld the Lord Chancellor in his place ; he had glided in like a ghost, without exciting the slightest dis-

turbance. After dinner, he fulfilled his usual duties as chairman, transacted all the business of the committee, decided on the treatises to be printed, and then drove off to a cabinet council.

A NIGHT AT THE LORDS.

9th—Lord Wynford's motion for a committee of inquiry, attracted us to the house of peers: we had scarcely arrived, when the Marquis Wellesley brushed past with a light and active step, unusually so for a man of his advanced age; he appeared to take a deep interest in the debate, though not as a speaker. As each noble lord rose, the lively Marquis moved near him, to listen the better; and so traversed the entire house. The mover, Lord Wynford, is becoming a perfect plague; he worries the house by eternally talking; and his long habits of dictating on the bench, do not qualify him for the task of debating with skill and effect. He is weak in his limbs, and generally speaks sitting, which produces rather an odd impression; for his round head, with grey cropped hair, is eternally bobbing like that of a Mandarin—in this graceful movement consists his action. He has not the extensive knowledge requisite for a statesman—of which character, however, he seems particularly ambitious. His speech touched upon every topic, and demanded an inquiry into *all* the evils which afflict the country, which he stoutly demanded should be remedied without delay, by means of this same inquiry. The amazing absurdity of so chimerical and hopeless an inquiry, must strike every one, except the noted and learned Baron himself. The details of his speech were dry, and the matter, uninteresting in itself, was not relieved by any bursts of eloquence or flashes of wit.

The motion was resisted by Lord Roseberry, who spoke from the bench immediately behind the Premier. This nobleman has an excellent voice and manly delivery; he speaks with fluency and correctness, indulging, however, in no profound reasoning or philosophical reflection. As every noble lord has a nostrum of his own, he refers all our grievances to the state of the poor laws. The Earl of Eldon came from the cross bench to the table, and said a few words in a solemn clear tone, in favour of the motion, he seems in good health, and spoke with firmness, altogether disclaiming any factious opposition to the government.

Lord King next started up, and commenced with a dull joke, which fell pointlessly upon the ears of all who heard it. We conceived an aversion to this witless peer for his continual attempts at humour and sarcasm, in neither of which he is gifted with the slightest natural talent: he stammered forth a miserable apology for the political economists and their heartless trash. We thought of John Locke, whose biographer the noble lord is; and we saw how possible it was for him to study the writings of that eminent philosopher, without imbibing the spirit which pervades them.

Lord Winchelsea shouted the distresses of the people in our ears: he has the lungs of a stentor, looks like a Kent farmer, and has altogether the appearance of an undignified, bluff, honest, well-meaning Englishman. He was followed by

Lord Stanhope, an odd fidgetty sort of person, with his cravat drawn tight round his throat: he spoke more loudly still than his predecessor, and beat the table manfully—a mere declaimer. He exposed himself completely in his foolish lamentation about the evils of machinery, for which he received a well merited chastisement from Earl Grey, and then explained three several times.

Lord Radnor—the celebrated radical Lord Folkstone of former days—made a feeling and impressive speech. Some hasty expressions escaped him, although spoken in a very calm and temperate manner. His description of the social condition of the peasantry of his own district, was frightful beyond conception: he concluded his speech, by ascribing the almost innumerable evils under which the country laboured, to the shameful system of misgovernment which had prevailed for the last fifty years, and in which the noble and learned Lord (Eldon) had borne a conspicuous part. He was

even so indiscreet as to say, that it was no wonder the people would take vengeance on the late ministers.

The Duke of Wellington—who had been sitting in a most extraordinary position, his hat drawn over his eyes, resting upon his nose, one hand engaged in projecting his ear, so that he might listen the better, his long lantern jaws, so hollow, as almost to meet the interior of his mouth—started up, and addressed the house with much energy and boldness. We could not help feeling a strong sentiment of compassion, mingled with our admiration; while we gazed upon the victor of *Napoléon*, the conqueror of a hundred battles, the glories of his military career rushed across our minds; and we lamented he should ever have sullied his well earned renown by his ministerial blunders: we grieve to hear him baited in the house, and to see him pelted by the mob out of the house, and even threatened with assassination. In broken sentences he repelled the attack of Lord Radnor, with great earnestness, and defended the conduct of his colleagues and himself while in office; he declared the people of this country were peaceful and contented, till excited by the unfortunate events which had occurred upon the Continent, the effects of which they could not foresee. When he sat down, Lord Eldon again approached the table, as he said, to explain; instead, however, of any explanation, with uncommon energy, he exclaimed, "My Lords, I have not now long to live; but to the latest moment of my existence, my proudest consolation will be, that in every act of my political career, I (and he flung his arm indignantly towards Lord Radnor, as he spoke) resisted the radicals to the utmost of my power." So saying, amidst a general buz, the old man strode back to his seat. We were delighted with him for his unflinching consistency; and even those who abused him before the bar, finished by observing—after all, he is a fine old fellow, and like the true English bull-dog, will die game to the last. The effect of this short, but pithy, address of Lord Eldon's, and the manner of delivery—and even the very words—were destroyed by the way in which the reporters misreported the matter.

Of Earl Grey, enough has been said in another part of the Magazine.

Before we leave the subject, we ought to make honourable mention of a distinguished peer, the oddity of whose appearance gave us some amusement, Lord Monson, the seconder of the address at the opening of the session, a dwarfish creature, about the size of Master Burke—he sat behind the Duke—they say he is twenty-one years of age—to us he seems to be a baby. When he had the hardihood to speak, the first night of the session, his squeaking voice yielded no articulate sounds: and, as we heard, when the reporters sent to his babyship for a copy of his luminous speech—cruel child—he vouchsafed no answer; and accordingly, he was thus honourably mentioned in the papers, "Lord Monson seconded the address." He possesses boundless wealth; paid one hundred and fifty thousand pounds for a borough—likely to prove but a bad speculation now, & days. All the unmarried ladies in the higher circles have fastened their eyes upon the dear fellow—as yet, however, he has made no choice.

We were pleased with the house of Lords; the speaking, upon the whole, is better than in the lower house, and its proceedings are conducted with a dignified propriety which cannot fail to impress the spectator with respect for this ancient and venerable branch of our legislature.

10th—Mr. O'Gorman Mahon has made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and immortalized his name—to be sure he spoke somewhat enigmatically, but it was all the better for that; like the mighty *Napoléon*, he is the subject of conspiracies and plots, his enemies pursue him darkly: he complained, most properly, that for several hours he had been kept without food; and the house acted most unkindly when they did not take his complaint into their most serious consideration. It was a glorious display—Ireland may well boast of her son—the head of two clans—who threatens to shoot all printers who will not call him O'Gorman Mahon: his colleague, the Major, to do him justice, is always in the way when his vote may be

useful. Although he is no great orator, he seems much disposed to vote with Hume in his retrenchment schemes—this is a good fault. Mr. Ruthven, an Irish member, seems a likely man to make some character.

The sinecurists in the public offices, are quaking with well-grounded fears of loss of place and pension, under the present vigorous system pursued by the new ministers. The Navy Board, and Victualling Board, will be abolished, and the business transferred to the Admiralty Board, which always possessed a controlling and supreme power. The clerks in Somerset-house say, this will be a wise and sensible measure, a saving of time, labour, and money.

Mr. George Robert Dawson proves every night, by the spitefulness of his language, and by the acrimony with which he attacks the new ministry, that place has ever been the darling idol of his soul; and because he is *out*, will not acknowledge, at the expense of truth and candour, that there can be found patriotism, talent, or consistency, in the ministry who are *in*. The remnant of his character is gone.

The ballot!—The ballot! What an eternal din this word is ever raising in our ears of late. Shall we turn prophets for a moment and indite a sybil-line leaf? Will the ballot be ever adopted by our legislature? Never!—in spite of Althorpe. Should the day come, however, (for we do not profess infallibility,) when the ballot is introduced at British elections—the constitution—(aye, the constitution, though so difficult to define, yet so easily understood)—the constitution is exploded. Absit omen! Why will the advocates for the ballot be for ever shifting their position? At one time it is to be on the principle of universal suffrage; when exposed, then a pecuniary qualification is considered proper and indispensable. America again is held up as an example, and France, too, as happy regions in which the ballot is in all its glory; we then show that there is no aristocracy nor constitution in America, and that in France the ballot is entrusted to a very limited number of electors: not a word more is said. It is shown that the ballot system would undermine and destroy the aristocracy: the balloters hold their tongues, and titter at the very thought. But it will not do. This Parthian mode of discussion must be put a stop to, or the respondents may find that they pursue their adversaries to their own cost.

The Messrs. Lefroy have continued silent.

Hunt has been returned, and will be found a “matchless” member; and doubtless when the good times come—when the church is overthrown, the ballot established, and the aristocracy destroyed—the electors will descend lower, if possible, and elect a shoe-black as their representative.

So much from the London Hermits. A half-employed hanger-on of our establishment, jealous of the notice which we took of events connected with the English metropolis, obliged us, by threats and entreaties, to append the following brief allusions to home transactions, which, to his mind, appear quite as interesting and amusing as occurrences in the sister metropolis. He declared that if we did not gratify his whim, he would blow up our Magazine in such a way, that the gunpowder plot, had it been successful, would have been but a trifle to it. He is a singular genius, and but that time prevents, we would give his portrait.

Saturday, December 18.—This day all the brogue-makers, nailors, sweeps, and butchers, were thrown upon the town, to the serious loss of themselves and families, by order of some petty, third-rate agitators, that by a display of orange and green rags, they might *suitably* grace the arrival of the “Man of the People” (save the mark). Accordingly, early in the morning, our half-starved tradesmen took their departure for Clontarf—where, if they were not visited by the spirits of the mighty dead, they certainly became acquainted with *those* which raise such visions of glory in the Irish soul; for although it is said that abstinence was to have been the order of the day, we are informed by our devil, (a veracious fellow) that such was the crowded state of the dram-shops on the road, that he was unable to get the

"wetting of his whistle," as he expressed it, in any of them. The cavalcade did not arrive until dark, when a partial illumination took place. In justice to its majesty, the mob, we must state that there were not many windows smashed, which we believe is to be attributed to the certainly very proper request of Mr. O'Connell. We observed the house of Mr. Sheriff Hallanan lighted; and although we would not harshly condemn such an observance on the part of private persons, when dictated by principle, or by an excusable desire of safety, we yet cannot withhold our contempt from the civic officer who, for a paltry consideration, would desert public principle. Having said so much, we would recommend the gentleman on the next similar occasion, to sport a candle or two less than he lately exhibited, and to apply the saving to the purifying of his official *lace*, which cuts a despicable appearance when compared with that of Mr. Sheriff Mallett. We also have heard it observed, that a Right Rev. Prelate, (not Popish) and a learned Barrister, who has often prided himself on being one of the Prentice Boys of Derry, were amongst the *illuminati* upon this occasion. Knowing as we do, that the spiritual peer on a former occasion did not exhibit much spunk or self-possession, when he retreated from his southern See with more than post haste, and knowing that the Prentice Boy would be sorry to throw up his indentures, we confess, we envy not the courage of the one, or the consistency of the other, who, for the sake of a few panes of glass, would thus do a deed as repugnant to their feelings, as sacrificing to the devil. We leave both these notables to sing *Derry—Down*.

Tuesday, December 21.—One of the stated anti-union breakfasts took place this day, at which Messrs. O'Connell and M'Cleery (sure a pair!) exhibited themselves, between whom, on the motion of the former, a lusty shaking of hands took place. We remember a similar occurrence between our political Irish giant and Cobbett, who, mean and mischievous though he be, then cut the most respectable appearance of the two. In the course of the proceedings, Dan pronounced his opinion with regard to the present ministry, which was briefly this:—That the Whigs were a *promising*, not a *performing* people. He, however, excepted Lord Althorpe from this charge; and he paid Sir Thomas Denman the tribute of saying, that, (despite of Cobbett's assertion, that when the devil needed a lawyer, he had but to bait his hook) the *old gentleman* had not got a gull sufficiently alluring for him. Of Spring Rice, the speaker said, he thought "small beer about him." In Earl Grey, "made a peer, God knew how," he had no confidence, and defied his power as respected the Algerine Act. He denounced (of course) the new law appointments, and said he could not trust any man who would dare to tell him that Ireland should not have a *constitution* of her own. He likened the ministry's mode of dealing with reform, to that of a family who having a pig to kill, was desirous it should die without squeaking, lest their nerves should be deranged thereby; and so Lord Grey and his *confreres* were desirous that this political pig should die "*quite and aisy*"—when they would look to their own share of the "*griskins*." He next alluded to a paper which had been circulated, calling on the people to mark the entry of the Marquis of Anglesey by an exhibition of public feeling, similar to that which had taken place in his own case, which he unsparingly condemned, and had the *modesty* to move a resolution that it should not be attended to. Was he fearful that he should thereby have been placed on a par with the representative of Majesty? If such were the case, we can assure him that, neither in the estimation of the worthy or the worthless, would such have been the result. What has the Marquis of Anglesey done to merit the hostility of our insatiable agitators, with whom he was once so popular? He has published his conscientious dissent to the propriety of a Repeal of the Union, and those who once so lustily brawled for universal toleration and liberty of conscience, unblushingly deny it, even to him who had been their friend. There is but one more point to which we would at present allude—the union of feeling, which he would persuade himself exists between the Orangemen and Roman Catholic agitators of Ireland. Most heartily do we wish, that such a feeling could genuinely and permanently be produced; but we have many and strong reasons for believing, that it

cannot suddenly spring up—and that even though a particular object might produce a cessation of hostilities between them, upon the removal of that object, no matter how, they would be resumed. The cause adequate to such a result, must be of a far different character.

Mr. McCleery commenced his speech by stating, that although he might not be chargeable with the sin of excessive want of confidence, he yet felt like a certain Methodist preacher, who confessed that his oratorical powers were always most effective in the presence of the ladies ;—and Davy, gallant Davy, pronounced himself inspired under the influence of the many fair ones by whom he was surrounded. He informed his audience, that some corporate friends of his had that day expressed fears for his political character—to whom he replied, that whatever might be the fate of his reputation, he was quite easy about theirs, as they had none to lose ; and that he had also informed them that during the existence of the Catholic Association, he had been anxious to become a member, and had spoken to several persons to propose him.

At the conclusion of the meeting, an individual mentioned that the various trades were to assemble on Monday, at Phibsborough, to proceed from thence to Mr. O'Connell's house, and present him with an address.

In the evening a charity dinner took place at Hayes's, which was only remarkable (and we question whether, under the circumstances, we can call it so) for the motley group which attended, and for a battle royal by which it was graced. Dan's intended member for Drogheda presided ; and the father signalled himself by proposing the son's health ! We had thought there might have been some small modicum of modesty in the Arch-agitator's composition. Amongst others, Mr. Barrett made an oration, in which, among many equally good things, he said that the anti-unionists might as well whistle to the winds, as attempt to withhold the repeal ; but this gentleman can whistle more than one tune—the Catholic question, and the priests, to wit.

Wednesday, December 22.—In the Court of Chancery, Sir Anthony Harte, announced his retirement, which excited a manifest sensation of regret in all present ; nor was the worthy Chancellor himself unmoved. In him the lawyer has not become dead to the sensibilities of nature ; and it is but justice to say, that his judicial conduct, admirable as it has been, was only equalled by his affability and gentlemanly demeanour. He leaves this country with the consciousness (singular to an Irish Lord Chancellor) of having given satisfaction to all parties. It was natural for Lord Plunkett to have looked to that situation, for which his legal abilities and long standing unquestionably gave him a claim ; and it may have been equally natural for the ministry so to place him, that they might reap the advantage of his political aid. But we do say, that we regret the removal of Sir Anthony Harte, on the grounds, alike, of admiration of the man, of the increase of public expenditure, and of the adherence to a system which makes a judicial office subservient to a political party. We trust that Lord Brougham's mind may not change with regard to the necessity of separating the office of state from the judicial functions.

On the same day Mr. Saurin, formerly Attorney-General for Ireland, took his leave of the bar. While as a lawyer he stood high, as an upright man he ranked even higher. The trying times through which he passed having operated upon him, merely to evidence his consistency and purity. We may, perhaps, take occasion to allude to these matters upon another opportunity.

Thursday, December 23.—This day the Marquis of Anglesey arrived—he entered the city about half-past two o'clock. There was no demonstration of popular feeling, except the hooting of the late Solicitor-General Doherty, now Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who accompanied him. It had been expected that the tradespeople of the city, who had esteemed themselves so much benefitted by his former munificence, would have met him in procession ; and there is no doubt that such would have been the case, if Mr. O'Connell had not set himself so decidedly in opposition to it ; and lest the people should not be acquainted with the agitator's ultimatum upon the matter, as conveyed through the newspapers, there was a placard posted through the city, running thus :—"No procession—no

procession—no procession!—The friends of Lord Harty, and Chief Justice Doherty, go to attend the Marquis of Anglesey.—Friends of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, and Repeal of the Union, stay at home!"

We had no desire that a public procession should mark the arrival of the Marquis of Anglesey upon our shores; but we do regret that even the lower orders of the people of Dublin could be turned aside from a purpose creditable to their feelings, by the dictation of any man whose vanity, spleen, or political purposes might be thereby thwarted. The Marquis of Anglesey was popular, and deservedly so, with the poor of Dublin. What has he done to forfeit that popularity? Let Mr. O'Connell's heart answer the question. A gentleman, who lifted his hat as the Marquis passed by, was told that if he did not instantly put it on, "he would find himself an eye out of pocket!" From a house in College-green, we saw a black stocking held forth at the end of a pair of tongs. We leave it to those versed in the *black art* to explain the signification—we cannot. We were glad to see GENTLEMEN of all parties attendant on the Marquis. In a close coach we observed Mr. Shiel—in a more open one, immediately following, the *esprit fort* of Orangism, Sir Harcourt Lees.

Friday 24.—Passing through College-green this morning, we heard a man named Costelloe, a fifth-rate agitator, addressing a mob from a window. In the course of his observations he stated, that the non-expression of popular favour towards the Marquis of Anglesey, was attributable to the presence of Mr. Chief Justice Doherty. Now, this cannot be true; for the matter was decided upon at the anti-union breakfast, without any reference to the new Common Pleas Chief Justice: and therefore, notwithstanding any plausible statement to the contrary, we still think that the cold reception of the new Lord Lieutenant is attributable, as before stated, to the vanity or political spleen of Mr. O'Connell.

We perceive that it has been deemed expedient to give additional security to the castle, by an extra fortification of wooden gates! There are, doubtless, some under-currents at work, of which the public are not aware; for in our opinion there has been no outward manifestation of popular discontent, to render necessary even the erection of a lath paling.

Saturday, 25.—A proclamation has appeared, prohibiting the trades' procession to Mr. O'Connell's house. This gentleman has consequently issued his official paper, wherein he commands obedience to a *few*, the existence of which, he says, calls most loudly for a repeal of the union. The devil can quote scripture for his purposes—and the agitator, while inculcating submission to the powers that be, turns the circumstance to the advancement of his own crooked and turbulent policy.

We had expected a communication from our Paris correspondent—but as it did not come to hand in time for the present publication, we give the following brief extract of a letter from that capital, which appeared in a London contemporary, speaking *multum in parvo* of the true feeling of the public mind in France, and as powerfully indicative of great events to be transacted on the theatre of the continent at no very distant period.

Paris, Dec. 12, 1830.—At a dinner given on Friday by the artillery of the tional Guards to General Lafayette, the following toast was given and drunk with enthusiasm:—

'A la Guerre! qui consolidera notre liberté, et qui la fera partager à l'Europe.'

"I will not attempt to add one word to weaken the impression which this fact cannot fail to produce. The Duke of Orleans was present! General Lafayette, many deputies, and many officers were present; and in the midst of all these men, with the son of the king, the future king of the French himself, at their head, they drank 'War.' Let it no longer be said after this that France desires peace, strives for peace, and hopes for peace. On the contrary, I declare most solemnly, that out of all the hundreds of Frenchmen with whom I am acquainted, I know not five who desire peace. At this very same dinner, at which the Prince Royal and the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards were present, that Commander-in-Chief also proposed 'Success to the French, Belgian, Swiss, and Polish artillery!'

No one can doubt what this means ; and yet from the tribune these men speak of peace, when they not only are preparing for, but desire, nay, long for war."

Our London correspondent having already alluded to the Revolution in Poland, we would merely add, that our warmest wishes shall be given for the success of that much injured and oppressed people, whose territories were so unjustly wrested from them by the merciless grasp of a knot of despotic tyrants.

SONNET—THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

We welcome in this short, but tedious day,
When the full year's swift circling changes close,
And nature's herbage shrunk in cold decay,
Expects interment from impending snows.

On winter's lap Aquarius seeks repose,
While from th' Atlantic coast the tempests roll,
And the loud west-wind, rude and raging blows,
Which neither land nor ocean can control.

Sad season ! emblem of th' afflicted soul,
With clouds of inward anguish overcast,
Which longs to gain it's dark determin'd goal,
With pensive recollection of the past.

This sure event, the course of life attends,
And oft in short uncertain periods ends.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

This birth-day of the infant year's return.
To others mirth and happiness bestows ;
While o'er the old departed year I mourn,
And trace the varying source of human woes.

Whence this concern, that lessens my repose ?
Thy ruinous rapacities, O, time !
Whose tide with onward pace injurious flows
To man's best projects in their chieftest prime.

Hope's widest prospects, wisdom's plans sublime,
Thy wasteful course can dissipate and change ;
Force friends to part, and leave their native clime,
To dwell where war and fierce distempers range.

What numbers may thy next approach consume,
And roll its annual axle round their tomb.

PETILIAN.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Valley of the Clusone, a Tale of the Vaudois in the Seventeenth Century, as related by Carloman D'Andilli. Dublin : R. M. Tims—1830.

We know of no sketches of history more interesting, or more calculated to affect the best feelings of the heart, than those which relate to the sufferings and persecutions of those simple-minded, unobtrusive people, who inhabited the Vaudois territories in the early part of the seventeenth century, at the period when the fertile valleys of Piedmont were drenched with the blood of so many innocent victims, sacrificed on the altar of bigotry and su-

perstition—when the faithful and heroic Albigenses were driven from their peaceful habitations to seek refuge in the dens and fortresses of the mountains, and even hunted thence by the edicts of intolerance, like so many beasts of prey which were unfit to live, and which should be exterminated from the face of the earth. The extraordinary fortitude evinced by these determined people in defence of their pure and simple faith, will stand, so long as time endures, a monument on the page of history of all that is noble and great in the character of man ; while it will at the same time remain as a lasting memorial